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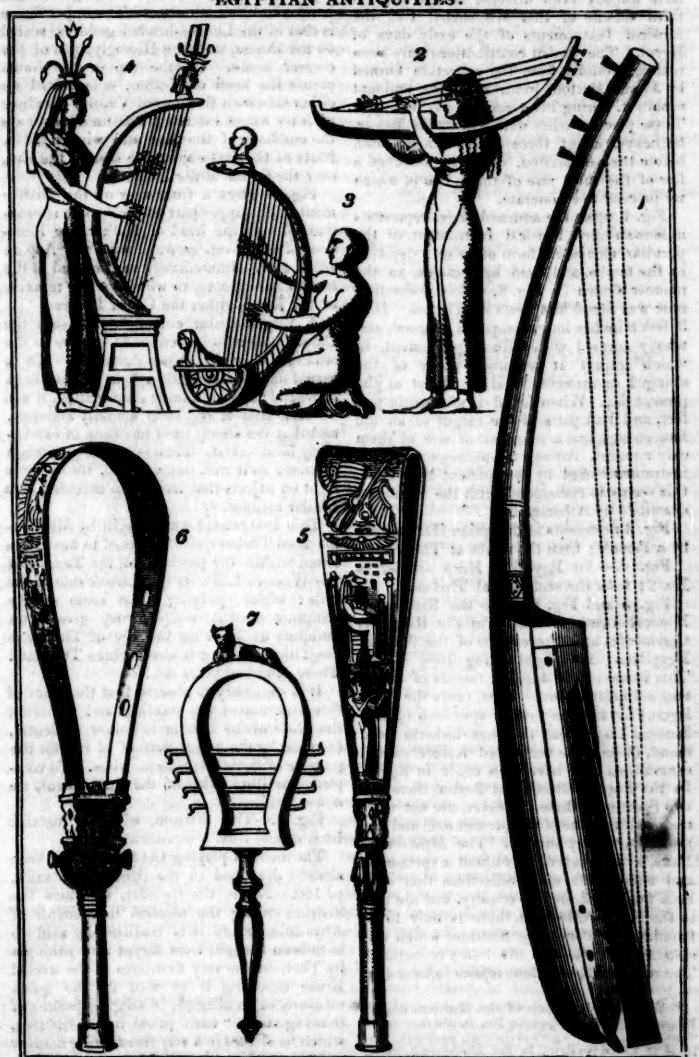
EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES:



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES:

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE Cuts upon the preceding page are illustrations of a subject to which our inquiries have already been directed in the twenty-third volume of this Miscellany, viz., the Musical Instruments of the early days of Egypt. The present contributions have been mainly obtained from the collection formed by James Burton, junr., Esq., the eminent architect, during his recent travels in Egypt. These precious relics were sold by the Messrs. Sothebys, about three weeks since; and, before their dispersion, our artist sketched a few of the most rare of them, two of which we proceed to enumerate.

Fig. 1, upon the annexed page, represents a four-stringed Musical Instrument, of the peculiar, elongated form often seen depicted in the tombs, and used by females, in the manner shown in Fig. 2. This interesting relic was found in a tomb at Thebes. It is 3 feet 8 inches long, composed of wood, and wholly covered with skin or parchment, in which respect it resembles many of the stringed instruments used in Egypt at the present day. When found, it was nearly perfect, and had parts of the catgut of all the four strings, but a fragment of one of them only remains. Among the numerous stringed instruments used by the ancient Egyptians, this seems to correspond with the Sambuca, described by Athenæus.

Fig. 3 represents an Egyptian Harp played by a Female; from the tombs at Thebes.

Fig. 4.—An Egyptian Harp similar to No. 2; from the sculpture at Thebes.

Fig. 5 and Fig. 6, show the Sistrum, or Musical Instrument used in the Religious Ceremonies and Processions of the Ancient Egyptians; its height being 16½ inches. This is one of the highest rarities of Egyptian antiquity extant. It is, (says the Catalogue,) by far the largest specimen of this Musical Instrument that has hitherto been found, during the unwearied researches and excavations that have been made in Egypt. In the Royal collection at Berlin, there are two Sistrums; these, however, are not more than half the size of the present one, and are, probably, merely models. The Museum at Paris, it is believed, is without a specimen; and among the many collections that have been purchased for this country, and are now in the British Museum, there is only to be found the *handle* of one Sistrum, which was obtained from the late Mr. Salt's collection.* The reader will, therefore, rejoice to hear that the specimen before him has been purchased for our Museum, at the cost of *50l.*

Fig. 5 shows the ornamental work on the frame of the Instrument itself. The figures on either side are the same—the lower one represents a River Deity, holding in each hand a similar instrument. The upper figure is that of the Lioness-headed goddess, seated on her throne, with the Hieroglyphics of her *correct* name. On the top of the frame occurs the head of Hathor, ornamented on either side with the Sacred Vulture standing with its wings extended, and underneath are the emblems of the Eye and winged Disk. Parts of the last objects are seen in the Cut, over the figure of the Deity.

Fig. 6 gives a front view of the Instrument. The upper part of the handle is ornamented with the head of Hathor, the President of the West, crowned with the Asp on either side. Immediately on the head of the handle is a groove, in which are the remains of the feet of either the Cat or Lioness.

A very singular circumstance, (says the Catalogue,) is to be remarked relative to the ornamental work above described. To a casual observer, it would appear to have been *engraved*; but on minute examination, it will be seen that it has been actually *stamped*, and that the stamp used has been of exceedingly hard metal. This is a point of much interest; as it will, undoubtedly, throw some light on objects that have been executed in a similar manner.

This Instrument was brought by Mr. Burton from Thebes: it is supposed to have been found within the precincts of the Temple of the Western Lake, on the Karnak side of the Nile; which, judging from some of the sculpture on that temple, may give it an antiquity as high as the age of Thothmes the Third, making it about Three Thousand Three Hundred years old!

It is necessary to observe that the wires of this Instrument are wanting, and also that the whole of the handle is hollow, evidently, (as seen by the lower portion of it,) for the purpose of containing these wires. To complete our illustration of the Instrument, we add—

Fig. 7.—The Sistrum, with its metallic bars, copied from sculpture at Thebes.

The mode of playing the Sistrum has been already described in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii., p. 120. Bruce, the traveller, mentions the Sistrum among the musical instruments of Abyssinia, where it is traditionally said to have been brought from Egypt into Ethiopia by Thot, in the very first ages of the world! Bruce describes it as used in the quick measure, or in allegros, in singing psalms of thanksgiving: "each priest has a Sistrum, which he shakes in a very threatening manner at his neighbour, dancing, leaping, and turning round, with indecent violence."

* Yet, in the Synopsis of the Museum, Eighth Room of Egyptian Antiquities, No. 5, are mentioned "three sistrums;" which statement, probably, misled our Correspondent, in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii., p. 120, where it is observed that "many sistrums are preserved in the British Museum."

CELTIC ORIGINS, &c.

(To the Editor.)

I HAVE been at times amused on the appearance of articles in the *Mirror*, on "Popular Antiquities," &c., by the attempts of the writers to discover the origin of the names of the places which they describe. The description of Carisbrook Castle, in No. 767, is a case in point; as the writer there says, "some prefer a derivation from the Celtic Cair-broc, which signifies the town of yew-trees."

Now, by the word Celtic, in this instance, I believe, the Welsh language is implied; and in that language the words *cair-brog*, (this is the nearest to the name given that I am aware of,) signify the Swelling Fort, the probability or improbability of which, as regards the locality in question, must be left for the decision of those who are best acquainted with it. May I be allowed to state further, in correction, that the Welsh name for the yew-tree is *yw* or *ywen*, most probably the origin of the English name. I think that Carisbrook is a compound of Welsh and Saxon: the word brook may be derived from the Saxon byrig, which, in Saxon times, was attached to the name of London, as Lundenbyrig or burg: and, as regards the derivation from Whitgar, may not the name of the Isle be a corruption of his name?

In the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii, pp. 348, 372, are some extracts from *Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing*, in one of which it is said that the name of the mountain Skiddaw is derived from the Mæso-Gothic Skygd-dha, dark shadow; but this name looks to me as if it had been borrowed from one of those languages discovered by the immortal Lemuel Gulliver. Of the Mæso-Gothic, I confess entire ignorance; and, as the names of various mountains and rivers, both in England and Scotland, have been advantageously sought for in the Welsh language, the same might be done in this case also. Now, the Welsh word cysgod-fa, signifies place of shade, almost identical with "dark shadow:" this word may appear too far-fetched, but the system of mutations peculiar to the language would soon bring it to something like a resemblance; in conversation, it might be sounded "Sgodfa," and "Sgod'a," neither of them a great distance from Skiddaw. I do not pretend to give this as the "only true and genuine" derivation of the English name; still I cannot help thinking, for sundry reasons, that it has quite as much right to be so as the name discovered in the Mæso-Gothic.

I was highly gratified with the extract from the German of Herder also, in No. 767 of the *Mirror*; for, though a Celt in blood and spirit, I am still a staunch admirer of Shakspeare and Milton; not forgetting Berange, and Chateaubriand, Gothe, and Schiller. The learned professor, in his enthusiasm for Celtic poetry, calls Macpherson "the youngest son of Ossian;" he should have styled him the father of Ossian; for that is his true relationship to the poems called Ossian's. This is another instance of a man of talent being compelled to give his works the appearance of antiquity, to insure the patronage of an enlightened and discerning public. The following lines are from the commencement of an ancient Welsh poem, entitled "Marwnad Corroi mab Dairi," (the death cry of Corroi, son of Dairi): they bear a great resemblance to the Ossianic poetry:—

"Thy ample fount replenishes the stream,
It comes, it dispenses with a course, it hastens onward;
The death-cry of Corroi has agitated me!
Gloomy is the dissolution of a man of fierce passions;
None greater in deeds of devastation have been heard of,
The son of Dairi was wont to hold the helm on the sea of the south;
Splendid was his fame ere he was laid in the earth."

SION GWYN.

PUBLIC OBSERVATORIES.

(To the Editor.)

ASTRONOMY may be said to have been of greater value in furthering the commercial interests of this country, than any other branch of science: thus, it is entirely owing to astronomy, that a ship can plough the ocean, and arrive with an unerring precision at its far distant haven: it is with the aid of the telescope that the beauty and order of other worlds are brought within the sphere of human vision. Looking up into the firmament, and studying the revolutions of the stupendous orbs through fields of ether, compels the mind to unite with the sentiment of the Psalmist: "The works of the Lord are great, and sought out by all those who have pleasure therein." Although we cannot all be astronomers, yet a free door might be opened to such as wished to be put into the way of gaining sound and wholesome instruction; and much rational amusement, which could not but advance and elevate the mind. To this end, I would propose that public observatories be erected in various parts of the kingdom; and that they be furnished with instruments, a small library of books, charts, maps, &c, and that such an institution be free and open at all times for a small sum to the people. It should likewise be a duty of the keeper of such an observatory, to deliver a lecture once a week on elementary astronomy, and to point out any forthcoming phenomena.

Such observatories are being erected in many places, at the present moment, and others are in contemplation. There is an excellent observatory fitted up in Southwark; in the city of Bristol, there is also an establishment of the kind; one is projected at Liverpool; at Dumfries, in Scotland, such an observatory has just been opened to the public.

Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, have excellent establishments of this nature.

It is, however, much, very much, to be regretted, that our liberal Government does not lend such useful institutions a helping hand; since a yearly gift of 25*l.* to each establishment would do much; and for such a bonus, observations might be made, and forwarded, at stated periods, to the Royal Astronomical Society of London, which would be of much advantage, and create a thirst for astronomical knowledge. Our Government has very liberally given to one or two astronomers of the present day, as much as would keep upon a firm basis, forty or fifty such places of popular instruction. Were the places which are anxious to have public observatories, and those that possess them, to petition parliament for a small grant, could not the institutions be framed with the bill now before the legislature, upon the general diffusion of knowledge and instruction of the people?—J. J.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering, (says a modern writer,) in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the fallen leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast, extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain, higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenances, though the way was, in many places, steep and difficult. I observed that those who had just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest which they could before discern, seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds.

As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first inclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds, which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could, compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain, and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend farther, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half-way up the hill, I observed on each side the path, a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voice of many who were tossed up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees, in many places, shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain, were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps, with songs from their divine harps.

Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers, springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate: and near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noonday was never stronger than that of a bright moonshine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation.

The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse. After I had observed these things, I turned my eyes towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed among them a youth of a lively aspect, a pierc-

ing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted, like an eagle, up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him, with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train; when Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge: he delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality, but Truth often frowned and turned away her face.

While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitted pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, and the hill appeared more steep and rugged; the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted; their sight grew dim; and they stumbled at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business it was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery.

Among the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the paths of Science, there was one called Indolence, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. She was far from proceeding to open hostilities; neither did she attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and that purpose which she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch, like that of a torpedo, had a power which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which was curled by no breeze, nor enlivened by any murmur, till it fell into a dead sea, where startled passengers were awakened by the shock, and the next moment were buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," I exclaimed, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!" But while I was pronouncing these words with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me, a form of diviner features, and more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!" —"What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?"—"I am found," she replied, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain; I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation; I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell; I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence: and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!"

While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence that broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.—W.G.C.

The Naturalist.

ON THE LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

By James Pownall.

Much has been written on the longevity of trees, but comparatively little on the longevity of animals, with the exception of man. If instances of, and observations on, human longevity be required, they are to be found in various works; and as I shall not here introduce that subject at any length, it may be doing some service to refer those who may take an interest in it to the following, namely — Easton's *Human Longevity, recording the lives and year of the decease of one thousand seven hundred and twelve persons who attained a century and upwards*, (1799); Fothergill's *Observations on Longevity*, (in the *Annual Register's* Natural History portion, for 1786, p. 61); Gayton's *Art of Longevity*, (1659); Bacon's *History of Life and Death*, (ed. 1651,) p. 14; Cornaro *on Health and Long Life*, (1825); Cheyne *on Health and Long Life*, (1745); Smellie's *Philosophy of Natural History*, (1790,) i., 504; Whitehurst's *Inquiry into the Original State and Formation of the Earth*, (second edition,) p. 165; Hone's *Year Book*, 186, 723, 836, 845, 1485; *Magazine of Natural History*, v., 447; *Tablet of Memory*, (ed. 1807,) p. 17; *Human Prudence*, (ed. 1717,) p. 134; and the *Mirror*, i., 99, vii., 220, xi., 164, xvii., 320, xviii., 224, and xxiv., 461.

Though so little has hitherto been written on the longevity of animals, yet it is to be hoped, that during the present progress and diffusion of natural history, this subject will claim more attention. I have diligently searched in numerous works for instances of the longevity of different species, and the few that I have found recorded I have here brought together and arranged. As I might be censured for having introduced some statements from the ancients which appear to be exaggerations, I beg to state that my reason for having done so is, that I suspect Hesiod and others to have exaggerated not quite at random, but somewhat in proportion to the actual truth.

The animals whose longevities have been noticed are, as might be expected, chiefly those which have been kept domesticated, or otherwise continually under the observation of man: but as animals in such states are usually either kept in climates not so well fitted for them as those of which they are properly natives, closely restricted of liberty, more exposed to diseases and injuries, fed on artificial food, forced to perform laborious tasks, beaten, or otherwise fretted; and as many of them are subject to all these grievances, it is probable that they do not attain to those periods which they would if permitted to live in a state of nature, and they were fortunate enough to escape accidents, diseases, and predacious enemies.

Smellie says, that "the duration of the lives of animals may, in some degree, be estimated by the time occupied in their growth. An animal, as we learn from experience, which acquires maturity in a short space of time, perishes much sooner than those which are longer in arriving at that period; and hence, he says, it may be considered as a general fact, that large animals live longer than small ones, because the former require more time to complete their growth.—(*Philosophy of Natural History*, i., 509, 511.) But he admits that this assumed rule is inapplicable to birds, and to me it seems so to every other class, with the exception, perhaps, of the mammalia. Bacon, who remarks, that owing to the paucity of observations, it is very difficult to form a rule for estimating the lives of animals, declares that the size of their bodies, their time of gestation, the number of their young ones, the time of their growth, and other circumstances which may seem concomitants, give no assistance in the attempt, because their concurrence is only occasional.—(*History of Life and Death*, p. 8.)

The notion that certain marks on particular species of animals will indicate their ages at any period, I regard as fallacious, suspecting as I do that it is not an induction originating from repeated observation, nor from the consideration of a large collection of facts.

Mammalia.—It certainly seems that the larger mammalia live longer than the smaller species of their class. In the first order, *Bimania*, the only species is man, who, notwithstanding his commonly assigned limit of "threescore years and ten," often exceeds, and sometimes doubly exceeds that period.

A ruffed lemur, (*Lemur Macaco*,) which was kept in the Paris museum of natural history, had been in Europe nineteen years.—(*Popular Zoology*, 173.)

As, according to several statements, bats have been frequently found alive, inclosed in the centres of trees, which they had entered some time previously when about to become torpid, we may infer that they were, at the period of discovery, of considerable age, as it must have taken some long time for the wood to surround them.

The brown bear, (*Ursus Arctos*,) is stated by Falk to grow to about his twentieth, and to live until his fiftieth, year.—(*Popular Zoology*, 231.) "In the pits of Berne, where it has been the fashion for many centuries to keep some of these animals 'for name's sake,' at the public expense, a pair were living in 1771, which had been confined there for thirty-one years. Another individual, which was born in the same pits, was living at the

commencement of the present century in the menagerie of the *Jardin des Plantes*, at the age of forty-seven."—(*Zoological Gardens Illustrated*, i., 105.) A grisly bear has been living in the Tower menagerie for upwards of twenty years.

The dog's age "rarely exceeds twenty years," (*Menageries*, i., 91.) and greyhounds attain that age oftener than the other varieties.

The wolf generally lives twenty years.

The fox generally lives fourteen or sixteen years.

"Lions are accounted long livers, because many of them have been found toothless."—(*Bacon's History of Life and Death*, p. 8.) "The great lion, called Pompey, which died in 1760, was known to have been in the Tower above seventy years; and one brought from the river Gambia, died there at the age of sixty-three."—(*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds*, p. 205.)

A domestic cat in her thirteenth year, is mentioned in the last-mentioned work, (p. 322,) and the full extent of this animal's life is generally said to be about fifteen years.

The Virginian opossum, (*Dasyurus*,) is reported to live so long, that a saying has become common among the people of North Carolina, that if a cat has nine lives, the opossum has nineteen.

From the biography of a tame squirrel, communicated to Mr. Urban, it appears that it will live seven years.

The hare, (*Lepus timidus*,) seldom, according to Goldsmith, lives more than seven or eight years.

The rabbit is said to live scarcely seven years.—(*Bacon's History of Life and Death*, p. 9.)

"The ancients, according to Philostratus, were inclined to think that the elephant lived more than four hundred years. They founded this belief upon the authority of a story of one with a particular mark, having been captured by Juba, king of Lybia, four hundred years after a battle, in which the animal had fled to Mount Atlas. This is not grounded upon a sufficiently accurate chronology to command our belief. Tavernier appears to have had tolerable evidence, from the accounts of the keepers of the elephants in India, that particular individuals had been in captivity from one hundred to one hundred and thirty years. * * * Pliny, upon the authority of Aristotle, states that the elephant lives two or three hundred years; and the Romans, in the time of Gordian, in the spirit of poetical exaggeration, chose an elephant for the symbol of eternity."—(*Menageries*, ii., p. 82.) "When Alexander the Great had conquered one Phorus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—'Alexander the son of Jupiter hath dedicated Ajax to the sun.' This elephant was found with the same inscription three hundred and fifty years after; but many of them do not live to that age, for they are often sick of very dangerous diseases."—(*History of Brutes*, by W. Franzius, D.D., translated by N. W., 1670, p. 27.)

Pigs have been known to reach the ages of twenty-five and thirty years.

The rhinoceros is conjectured by Goldsmith to live seldom more than twenty years.

"Of the natural age of the horse we should form a very erroneous estimate from the early period at which he is now worn out and destroyed. Mr. Blaine tells us of a gentleman who had three horses, which died at the ages of thirty-five, thirty-seven, and thirty-nine. Mr. Cully mentions one that received a ball in his neck, at the battle of Preston, in 1715, and which was extracted at his death in 1758, and in his sixty-second year."—(*The Horse.—Library of Useful Knowledge. Farmer's Series*, i., 146.) A horse, who worked all his life on the towing-path of the canals adjoining Manchester, died on November 27, 1822, at the positive age of sixty-two years. The stuffed skin of his head, and his skull, are preserved in the Manchester Natural History Society's Museum.—(See *Mirror*, xxvii., 400.) "On the death of Lady Penrhyn, in 1816, six of her horses had pensions assigned to them; each 45*l.* a year. Five of them died at the respective ages of twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and thirty-one years. The last died lately at the age of thirty-four years; the executors having paid for the pension of this horse 810*l.*—(*Bury and Norwich Post*, April 30, 1834.)—Mr. Knapp mentions a pony of his twenty-five years old.

"The ass lives commonly to the horse's age; but the mule outlives them both."—(*Bacon's History of Life, &c.*, p. 9.) Franzius says the ass "continueth to have colts until she is thirty years old."—(*History of Brutes*. 1670. p. 110.)

A camel which was kept at the *Jardin du Roi*, at Paris, is supposed to have been fifty years old at the time of its death.—(*Brown's Anecdotes*, p. 111.) Maplett says that camels sometimes reach the age of one hundred.—(*Maplett's Greene Forest, or a Natural History*. 1567.)

The llama, (*Auchenia*,) lives more than fifteen years.

The elk, which does not reach his full growth till his fourteenth year, probably attains a great age, as the Indians believe they are to enjoy a long life if they frequently dream of this animal.

The age of the rein-deer, according to Goldsmith, does not exceed fifteen or sixteen years.

The chamois is said to live twenty-five years.

The stag "is famous among men for long life; yet not upon any relation that is undoubted. They tell of a certain hart that was found with a collar about his neck, and that collar hidden with fat. His long life is the less credible, because he comes to his perfection at the fifth year; and not long after, his horns, (which he sheds and renews yearly,) grow more narrow at the roots, and less branched."—(*Bacon's History of Life, &c.*, p. 9.) Hesiod says its age is thirty-six times that of a man. Charles the Sixth was reported by the people of his time to have taken in the forest of Senelis, a stag which exhibited on a collar the words, "Cæsar hoc mihi donavit," which induced some to suppose it more than a thousand years old, reckoning from the time of the Roman emperor, instead of reflecting on the more plausible probability of its having escaped from Germany, whose emperors were also called Cæsars. "Ricius Patricius noteth in his booke intituled *De Regibus Galliæ*, (Of ye Kinges of France,) that Cæsar being about ye Forest of Arden, tooke a stagge, and caused a collar to be put about his necke, wt these wordes: 'Cæsar hoc me donavit,' (Cæsar gave me this.) That stagge was not killed three hundred years ago: it should seem that this was done of Cæsar in no other respect, but that the long continuing age of that beast might be knowen, which, before that time, none, or very few, hearing of it, would believe to be true."—(*Reynoldes's Chronicle of all the Noble Emperours of the Romaines.* 1571. p. 12.) It is concluded by modern naturalists, however, that the stag does not attain the age of fifty years.

The wapiti deer is considered to be so long-lived, that the Indians say of an aged man, "he is as old as a wapiti."

The goat, according to Pennant, seldom lives above eleven or twelve years.

"The sheep seldom lives to ten years, though he be a creature of a moderate size, and excellently clad. * * * The rams generate not before the third year, and continue able for generation until the eighth; and the ewes bear young as long as they live. He is a diseased creature, and rarely lives to his full age."—(*Bacon's History of Life, &c.* p. 9.)

Cows live about fifteen years; but the ox, according to Mr. W. H. White, lives about thirty years.—(*Magazine of Natural History*, ix., 348.) Bacon, however, says that the ox, notwithstanding "the greatness of his body and strength, is but a short liver, about some sixteen years."—(*History of Life*, p. 9.)

To be continued.)

KENSINGTON-GARDENS.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, a letter was read from Mr. Spence, addressed to the secretary, giving some account of the destruction of the elm trees in the promenades of Dunkirk, Boulogne, and Calais, by the *scolytus destructor*. The decay of the trees had here, as in many other cases, been attributed to wind, soil, and various other causes, but the writer was convinced it was owing to the one he had assigned, and had recently added much to his stock of information on the subject. Mr. Westwood, on the subject of the letter, made some observations on the extensive injury sustained by the elm trees in Kensington-gardens, the majority of those on the south side being dead, whilst about one third of those on the east were in a similar condition. He considered that the society having accumulated a large mass of information on the subject, should hold an official communication with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, for the purpose of suggesting some means by which the ravages might be restrained, as they had already extended to the trees in Lord Holland's park, and along the Western-road, past Hammersmith. So extensive was the present devastation, that if active means were not employed, the whole of the trees along the south side would have to be cut down within ten years, and there would in the course of a few years more be none left in the gardens. An analogous disease had lately appeared in some of the pine forests in Germany, by which between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 of trees had been destroyed. In Kensington-gardens, latterly, all the good trees had been selected for sale, and the bad ones left standing, which was much to be regretted, as in the latter the wood was not injured, the insect merely penetrating under the bark, and slightly along the wood. Some attempts at remedying the evil had recently been made with the young elms, by plastering them over with cowdung, which was, however, quite ineffectual, as the beetles might be seen in thousands running over the covered surface. The total neglect of the subject by the proper authorities was a matter both of surprise and regret, as there could be no doubt that entomological science would cure the evil, and as a valuable paper on the subject by Mr. Mackleay had been printed by order of the Government.—*Times.*

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A statement has appeared, of the great mortality that has taken place amongst the animals in the Regent's Park establishment, particularly the carnivora, no less than 57 of the larger quadrupeds having been lost in the space of three years, and scarcely any of the lions having arrived at maturity. It may not be uninteresting to the naturalist to contrast with that mortality, the comparative longevity of several animals now in the Surrey Gardens,

most of which were originally in the menagerie at Exeter 'Change, and subsequently at the King's Mews, and which appear to have acquired a prolongation of life and health by their removal to superior quarters in the Garden, and under the superintendence of experienced keepers. The pair of African lions, arrived in the Britannia in April, 1823; Bengal tigers, June, 1825; emasculated lion, October, 1827; spotted hyena, March, 1823; African leopards, April, 1824; Asiatic leopards, October, 1826; ocelots, 1827; Gnu antelope, June, 1826; llama, 1828; vicugna, 1828; kangaroos, male and female, 1826. Among the birds are also many instances of longevity. Of these, a pair of pelicans was received in 1822; a harpy eagle, 1824; king vulture, 1823; chaunting falcon, 1826; Batelew eagle, 1827; and wedge-tailed eagle, 1825. There is also a lemon-crested cockatoo, that is supposed to have reached the extreme age of eighty years, nearly fifty of which he was located in the family of the late Lord Darnley.

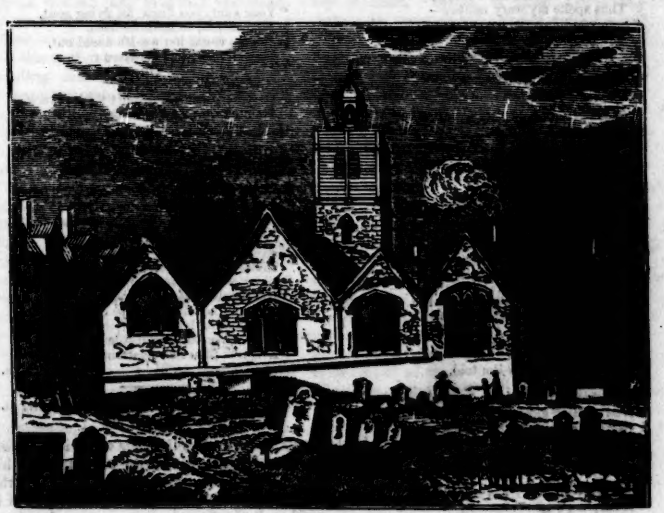
Popular Antiquities.

THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. LEONARD, SHOREDITCH.

THE original church of St. Leonard was, probably, one of the oldest in the metropolis. In Sir Henry Ellis's History of the Parish, vol. iii., p. 39, we find the following entry: "1240. Alan Pil, of Stebenhey, and Cecile his wife, granted to the church of St. Leonard *Soresdich*, and to Peter, archdeacon of London, rector of that church, a rood of land in his field." This extract Malcolm considers to establish two facts: the remote date of the foundation, probably, in the reigns of our first Christian kings; and that *Shoreditch* is a corruption of the surname *Soresdich*; but, whether the manor derived its name from the possessor, or the family of Soredich, or *Scordings*, (as the place is termed in the grant of the rectory by King John to William de Sanctæ Mariæ ecclesiâ in 1203, for the foundation of the office of precentor of St. Paul's) their name from the manor cannot now be determined.*

Soresdich was a hamlet, and its church, as the Engraving shows, had the humility of the village fane: this view is from an old print, the drawing for which bears the date 1725. Previous to this period, it had long been in a dilapidated condition; for, at the foot of the above print we are told that the church want-

* It is evident from these circumstances, that there is no pretence for supposing that Jane Shore's misfortunes and supposed adventures in a ditch, produced the compound Shore-ditch, or Jane Shore's ditch. It should seem that *Soresdich* is of Saxon origin: hence, it is highly probable some powerful chief of that nation may have usurped this valuable domain on the Roman Vicinal Way, or Eald-street, which passed through St. Leonard's churchyard, erected the church, and founded the village possessed by Sir John Soresdich, in 1339. Those Soredichs may have given the Vicinal Way the Saxon name of Eald-street. — Malcolm's Londinium Redivivum, qto. vol. iv. p. 18.



(The Old Church of St. Leonard, Shoreditch.)

ing repairs every year, and the parishioners being unable to bear the expense, in 1711, they petitioned Parliament for a new church, to be included in the fifty churches then voted to be built; but their petition was not granted. On Sunday, Dec. 23, 1716, the walls of the old church rent asunder, with a loud sound, during divine service, to the great alarm of the congregation. In 1733, a committee surveyed the church, and represented it as built of chalk and rubble, and requiring to be rebuilt. In the following year, surveyors agreed that the whole building was ruinous, the floor eight feet below the paving of the street, and that there were springs within the body of the church, so high as to injure the health of persons in winter, who attended divine service. An act of Parliament was, accordingly, passed for rebuilding the church; and, in 1736, workmen began to pull down the old edifice, and lay the foundation of the present handsome structure.

The Public Journals.

RICH RELATIONS.

By Mrs. Abdy.

Ye, who are haunted by a band
Of kinsmen poor and needy,
Still fostering with reluctant hand
The thankless and the greedy;
How will ye smile when I complain,
How mock my lamentations—
Alas! my every care and pain
Arise from rich relations!

When first I entered life's career,
Thus spoke my wary mother—
"Son, you'll inherit, never fear,
The riches of my brother;
He occupies, the wise ones say,
A little Rothschild's station,
Be prudent, saving, try each way
To please your rich relation."

"Your father's aunt declines apace,
She owns five thousands yearly,
Deems perjured men a worthless race,
And loves dumb creatures merely;
Her squirrel coax—aspire to fix
Her poodle's approbation,
Don't mind her monkey's playful tricks,
But count your sixth relation."

My uncle's slightest hints I heed,
His taste I please completely,
His correspondent's letters read,
And write his answers neatly;
I shield a sister, positively cemented
With many a calculation,
In all (save payment) I'm installed
Clerk to my rich relation.

I say and do whate'er I'm told,
My time no'er idly lingers,
Thick clumsy shoes my feet enfold,
And worsted gloves my fingers;
I vote gay waistcoats, seals, and rings,
More useless decoration,
"Young men should wear plain, homely things,"
Thus says my rich relation.

He "hates to see a rhyming hook
A stripling's table cumber;"
Since then I've locked up Laila Rookh,
And let Childe Harold slumber:
Marmion lies torn, and Christabel
Takes on the shelf her station,
I even shun sweet L. E. L.
To please my rich relation.

My great aunt's pet menagerie,
Around me daily capers,
And once a week I go to tea,
Read through two penny papers,
And then a hand of cribbage take,
By way of recreation,
Three games for twopence is the stake,
Fixed by my rich relation!

Though often she contrives to cheat,
I never dare to wrangle;
Meanwhile her monkey climbs my seat,
My hair to twist and tangle;
One night he tightened my cravat,
Almost to strangulation,
And but received a smile and pat,
From my kind rich relation!

I'm sent about from dawn to dark
On some absurd commission,
I never stroll across the Park,
Nor see the Exhibition;
My friends begin to pout and lower,
And cease their invitations;
He cannot boast one leisure hour,
Who owns two rich relations!

This mode of life I loathe and fear,
Would I could try some other,
Would I could fly—hold! what is here?
A letter from my mother!
I guess the reason why she writes,
Some precious accusations,
A lecture for some fancied slights
Shown to my rich relations,

Stay—"All our hopes, dear boy, are fled,
Prepare for grief and pity,
The fall of Spanish Bonds has spread
A panic through the city:
Your uncle's all he rashly set
On one vast speculation,
We fear next Saturday's Gazette
Will see our rich relation!

"Your aunt, you know, for flying gout,
Last month, to Bath resorted,
A foreign count her wealth found out,
Herself and poodle courted;
His sable whiskers, sallow cheek,
And lengthy appellation,
Have turned her head—next Friday week,
He'll wed our rich relation!"

Hussa! my raptures will not brook
The labour of concealing,
Henceforth I'll think, read, dress, and look,
With independent feeling!
Like Sinbad, I'm at last set free,
For brisk perambulations,
I've dropped my Old Man of the Sea,
I've lost my rich relations!

Emancipation—me stand
In liberty's possession,
Senates, without your helping hand,
I'm rescued from oppression;
Match me the triumph if ye can,
Surrounding lands and nations,
Felt by a free-born Englishman,
Released from rich relations.

Metropolitan.

BEAUTIES OF BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL ARCHITECTURE.

Ask the American traveller what it is which impressed him most with the land of his fathers when he first approached it from the Atlantic Ocean, and he will answer that it is neither its harbours nor its scenery, its rivers nor its mountains, its lakes nor its cataracts,

which produced an indelible impression on his mind. All these his own transatlantic wilds could equal or excel. It is its cathedrals and monastic remains which captivated his imagination; it is their stately piles, rising amidst the green meadows, or shady woods, with which they are surrounded, which gave a peculiar and undefined charm to English scenery, and carried him back in imagination to the Edwards and the Henries, and the Catholic times and the age of chivalry, and gave to inanimate stone all the charm of historical lore. Let any one who has visited all that is beautiful and interesting which it contains, whether in urban magnificence or rural beauty, consider what objects are engraven on his memory in the brightest colours, and have taken their place in secret cells, never to be disturbed while life endures. He will find it is her castles and her cathedrals—her abbeys and monasteries. He will think of Fountains Abbey, raising its light and airy arches from the green and closely-shaven turf of the little valley in which it stands; and its magnificent trees almost equalling the elevation even of its lofty aisles. He will think of Tintern casting a holy air over the secluded shades of the Wye, and picture in imagination the gorgeous festoons of ivy hanging over its mouldering windows, and the leafy screen which shrouds from profane gaze the exquisite details of its tracery. He will think of Conway still as in the days of Edward, with its massive round towers and picturesque walls overhanging the captive streams of Wales; and Warwick yet standing in undecayed strength, the fit abode of the "knocker-down and putter-up of kings." He will think of the red towers of Bothwell, surmounting the green masses of foliage which surround their base, and the close-shaven turf, which descends in rapid slope to the Clyde, and the dark-brown caverns of that classic stream at its foot; or of Castle Campbell, erect though mouldering in grey and dreary solitude, amidst the hanging forests and sounding cataracts of Caledonia; or of Kenilworth, encircled by the green meadows and stately oaks of Warwickshire, rich in ivy, and architectural decoration, and storied association. Durham will rise up to his recollection with its gorgeous towers in the middle distance, the ancient pile of the bishop's palace in the foreground, and hanging woods in the background; or Gloucester, with the light and fairy open work of its minarets projected in the glow of an evening sky. London, itself, with all its greatness, its riches, and its recollections, yields to the magic of architectural magnificence; and when the mind reverts to it at a distance, and when not distracted by particular objects of pursuit, it thinks neither of its theatres nor its operas, its parks nor its squares, its fashions nor its genius,—but of the grey and massy piles which surmount and bestride the Thames—of its granite bridges and forest of spires—of Westminster Abbey closing the scene at one extremity, and the vast dome of St. Paul's, towering above clouds and smoke like a giant at the other.

Turn to the Continent. Every traveller knows the unbounded, the incalculable effect of the architectural riches with which it is stored. In truth, the impression arising from its great edifices is so powerful, it is so indelibly associated with the recollection of the places and states in which they are to be found, that it is altogether impossible to separate them. Do we hear of Venice? We instantly think of the gay and beautiful buildings which surround the place of St. Marc, and the laughing crowds which loiter on its flagged pavement, and the eastern barbaric magnificence of the church at its one extremity, and the chastened riches of architectural decoration on the three other sides. We think of the granite columns at the entrance of the Piasetta, and the triple-storied pillars which adorn the fronts of the palaces to the great canal, and the gorgeous magnificence of the sun setting over the harbour and the church of St. Georgio-Maggiore and the Redentore from the gardens of St. Dominique. Do we hear of Milan? Instantly the picture of its exquisite cathedral rushes into the mind; and we see, with all the clearness of actual vision, its snow-white pinnacles, and thousands of glittering statues, rising in gay profusion into the clear blue sky of Italy. Genoa is mentioned:—We picture to ourselves the varied splendour of the view from the Lantern; and the piles of palaces, domes, and battlements, which are clustered on its slopes, and the blue sea at its foot, and the castellated heights above, and the overwhelming grandeur of the Strada Balbi. Naples:—A beautiful bay arises in the mind, surrounded by precipitous mountains clad with vines and olives, dotted by churches, furrowed by torrents. Long lines of white palaces of stately elevation, with flat roofs, are seen; domes rise at intervals to break the outline; castles run far into the sea; fortresses overhang the dazzling piles; dark masses of pine, and green intervals of foliage are seen among the architectural monuments. Even the recollection of the greatest capitals and most interesting historic scenes of Europe is mainly formed from the impressions of their architectural splendour. The severe simplicity of the Brandenburg Gate, the noble palace, and the imposing elevation of the Academy of Arts at Berlin, reward the traveller for the wearisome monotony of the sands of Prussia. The gigantic grandeur of the monuments of St. Petersburg, the stupendous portico of the church of Cazan, the lofty pillar of Alexander, the granite quays, the rich decorations of the Admi-

ralty and imperial palaces, the streets of columns, and long lines of pillared scenery on either bank of the Neva, befit a capital which aspires to govern half the world. Even the great name of Napoleon owes half its lustre to the truly imperial splendour of his architectural conceptions; and not only his popularity with his subjects, but his fame among strangers, rest as much now on the monuments of Paris as the conquests of his armies. The chaste simplicity of the Bourse, the lovely pillars of the Madeleine, the stupendous grandeur of the arch of Neuilly, the storied magnificence of the pillar in the Place Vendome, have done as much for his fame as the triumph of Austerlitz, the victory of Jena, or the conquest of Tilsit. Rome itself, the mistress of the world, the seat of empire alike in arts and in arms, the first in genius, greatness, and fame, is overshadowed in our recollection by the overwhelming grandeur of St. Peter's; and while its palaces and its temples, its ruins and churches, its galleries and statues, are fading under the lapse of time, its stately dome, the matchless splendour of its interior decoration, survive in our recollection in imperishable lustre, and derive fresh brightness from the length of time in which they have been treasured in the stores of memory.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF ARCHITECTURE.

In many cases, it is not a mere monument of art which we admire; it is a relic of former ages which we venerate, a remnant of the pristine world which we contemplate; and its time-worn walls are floated down the stream of time, fraught with innumerable associations, and all the undying interest of historical recollection.

It is to this cause that much of the extraordinary interest of a great capital, if built of imperishable materials, and adorned by the monuments of successive ages, is owing. A great historic gallery rises before us: we see at the same instant the works of successive ages: a glance takes in at once the labour of a thousand years. The changes of manners, the revolutions of opinion, the fleeting objects of national desire, the varying flow of national fortunes, the triumphs of one age, the disasters of another; the struggles of freedom, the submission of slavery; the fervour of piety, the neglect of infidelity; the sway of superstition, the selfishness of corruption, all arise in durable and visible array before us. Each fleeting change has imprinted its character on some lasting monument: and they all stand in grim array, like a gallery of the dead before us, as if to testify at once, the greatness, the nothingness, the corruption, and the immortality of man. Embark on that skiff which will send you forth like an arrow into the middle of the Thames: those Gothic towers which rise above the flood, cover the bones of the Confessor and Alfred; the Henries and the Richards of ancient times repose beneath its pavement: the antique pile which adjoins it, was the dining hall of Stephen. The majestic dome which towers above every other structure, was the contemporary of Marlborough; a spire in the distance, arises from the church, and covers the graves of the Templars: the massy arches which bestride the flood were erected amidst the fervour of gratitude to Wellington. What are those gay and glittering piles which rise under a brighter sun, and into a clearer atmosphere, on the banks of a smaller river? Yonder dark and heavy towers arose amidst the austerity of Gothic taste, and were loaded with the riches of Catholic superstition; they have witnessed the march of the crusaders and the coronation of Henry IV.: that gilded dome attests the magnificence of Louis XIV., and once covered the bones of Turenne: projecting into the stream is the ancient Tour du Nesle, the theatre of licentious tragedy; that beauteous row of columns conceals the windows from whence the massacre of St. Bartholomew was ordered; that red obelisk marks the spot where Louis and Marie Antoinette, and Danton and Robespierre were executed; that perfect peristyle was begun by Napoleon for the Temple of Glory, that majestic arch in the distance, was erected to the honour of the grand army. Ascend the tower of the capitol, and survey the mingled wreck of ages by which you are surrounded: you stand on the massy battlements which defied the arms of Brennus: the Roman senate-house, the palace of the Cæsars are at your feet: that vast circular tomb on the banks of the Tyber contains the ashes of Adrian: yonder stupendous dome which rises like a mountain in the west, covers the bones of St. Paul; it was reared by the genius of Michael Angelo, and adorned by the pencil of Raphael: the sculptured pillars which surmount all modern edifices in their vicinity, were erected to the honour of Trajan and Antoninus, the greatest and best of the emperors: that massy pile which still survives, like the skeleton of a world, the ruin of all its contemporary structures, was reared by the captive hands of the Jews: under those arches the triumph of Aurelian, the captive Zenobia have passed. It is this astonishing and overwhelming concentration of historical interest into one focus, this presenting of it in actual objects to the senses, which constitutes the grand, the unequalled charm of architecture, and gives to genius, in that department, a lasting hold of the admiration of mankind, which the sister arts will seek in vain to attain.—*Ibid.*

LONDON IN AUTUMN.

THERE are few places more every way disagreeable for a residence than London during the autumnal months. The social stir and animation that rendered it so delightful in the spring have died away into comparative silence; the grass grows in the West-end squares; the city looks disconsolate, like an Irish clergyman on tithing-day; Pall Mall is all but deserted; scarce a pretty or a gay face is to be seen in the Parks, or a bag and wig in Chancery-lane, or a patriot in Parliament-street; the Exhibition rooms are closed; the theatre contains, perhaps, but a dozen bald-heads in the pit, and about as many white pocket-handkerchiefs in the dress-boxes; there is no one to gossip with at the clubs or hotels; the jarvey sleeps without fear of interruption on his coach-box; the cab-man, standing on the sun-scorched pavement at the door of a gin-shop, looks restless and perplexed, like a cat in a strange kitchen; and if you chance to stumble against an old friend at the turning of a street, he gives you the cut direct, quite annoyed to think you should have recognised in him that unfashionable animal—the last man! Then the hydrophobia panic!—"Think of that, Master Brooke!" No sooner do the dog-days set in, than some crazy cur makes a point of snatching a hasty mouthful from the calf of an elderly gentleman. The newspapers are all instantly in arms about the catastrophe. Nervous folks—for we are all nervous nowadays—walk about shuddering with apprehension, and glancing every now and then at their uneasy legs; while reports are every where prevalent that "not less than sixteen married men have within the last week eschewed all liquids, and barked themselves to death, leaving each a wife and six small children behind him." I say nothing of minor miseries, such as the infectious hypochondriasm of the tradesman who has nothing to do but stand with a pen behind his ear at his shop-door, or the melancholy "lodgings to let" in every quarter of the town; for my object is not to weary my reader's patience, or distress his nerves, by a prolix recapitulation of grievances, but simply to make good my assertion, that of all places in the world, few or none are so detestable as London in autumn.

Such being my view of the matter, I always make a point of quitting town when the first hydrophobic paragraph appears in the papers. If one will not take a shrewd hint, one deserves to suffer. My excursions are various—sometimes confined to England, and sometimes extending over the Continent. This year, perhaps, I go to Paris, and the next I rest satisfied with a stroll among the wilds of Dartmoor (a pet place of mine), or the more imposing Welsh Alps. And here let me assure you, my gentle Cockney, that a ramble among these last is a very different thing from a ramble among the Hampstead highlands. Primrose Hill is scarcely so high or so steep as Snowdon; nor can I take it on my conscience to assert that the pass at Kentish-town, which leads you into Pancras Vale, is at all to be compared with that at Beddgelert. But perhaps I am partial.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

New Books.

THE GOSSIP'S WEEK.

By the Author of Slight Reminiscences.

[HERE are two more volumes of story-book lore—a week's delight—a tale for a day: would that all story-tellers discoursed so pleasantly. We will not mar the several tales by sketching their outlines, but content ourselves with abridging one of them. The language of all is, however, so charming, and the descriptive details so fascinating and sparkling with life, that we scarcely dare trust our clumsy hand among such well-graced work. There are such under-currents of affection running through the narratives, that we approach them like so many holy springs. Yet there is also a gaiety of heart in the writer which is delightful; a fancy that loves to luxuriate among the joyous scenes of still life; and an observant mind that "after the exercise of those affections in which nature has placed the best and purest source of our delights," knows of "nothing that has to do with earth,—unless it be the aspect of the beautiful world, and the beautiful sky that covers it,—which soothes and gladdens the heart so much as a good book." This may be high praise; but where all is charming it were apathy to be lukewarm. Our quotation may not be the finest tale of the seven; but its extent best suits our purpose.]

The Veiled Woman.

"The lidless dragon eyes!"

Orlando. Believe you, then, no supernatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?
Coleridge's Remorse.

A traveller who had followed the course of a stream through the naked glens and bleak poplar valleys of Champagne until his eye had forgotten to remark their monotony, or his mind to note the lapse of time, found his progress suddenly impeded by the overflowing of a river swoln out of its customary channel. The fields were under water from one side of the valley to the other, and the tall poplars which stood up in regular rows, like the jacks of a harpsichord, seemed to grow out of the bosom of a glassy lake, as fancy groves do upon an Indian screen.

The traveller was a melancholy man, a dark dreamer; there are scars in the heart

over which the moss of time never grows, and the deep and deadly one which he bore within him festered still, though the day of its infliction had been long gone by. He was one with whom fate had dealt hardly, whose buds of happiness had fallen to the ground without blossoming; one with whom the world had made gracious engagements and broken them, deceiving him, as it will to the end of time deceive all those who lean upon its reedy promises.

[The traveller loses his road, but is directed by a child who is tending sheep.]

An ungainly building,—old but not gothic, something between the castle of defence of the middle ages, and the modern accumulation called a *château*, spread out its walls at one side, occupying a spot, which for being a garden, was not the less a swamp. A long terrace extended itself in front of the house, fenced by a marble balustrade broken in many places, and decorated at intervals with stone vases full of coarse wall-flowers, or bauer dandelion, chance-sown, and disputing the nurturing earth with the sweet rose or delicate azalia. At each side, framing in the building, was an alley of lime-trees closely planted and squared into solidity; below the terrace a *charmille*; beyond that a stagnant pool with a cupid astride on a dolphin in the middle of it; then flower-knots still in winter misery, mixed up with patches of flax and ragged vine-stalks; then a high wall, a dry moat, a turnip-field, and last of all the river.

The traveller found himself at fault. Here was evidently the spot to which the shepherd-boy had directed him, but there was no house of refuge, no creaking sign or hanging bush, or explanatory vine spreading its painted tendrils over a fierce red wall. Nothing in short of hospitable aspect, or even of decent seeming, except the castle itself, and there he dared not knock.

However, roofs were in view, and he was too well used to a rough bivouac to have retained much daintiness; so he approached a cottage, a rude hovel, and knocked. As he did so, a man of middle age and in the garb of a peasant, but with the air of better days, came towards him. He carried a gun on his shoulder, and was followed by a leash of dogs of a picked breed. Approaching the stranger, he greeted him cordially, saying, "You have fallen upon rough quarters, sir, and are too far from town or village to find such as might suit one of your appearance before nightfall."

"I begin to be aware of that, my friend," interrupted the stranger, "and mean to ask of these good people a seat by their fire till daybreak."

"Meagre work, sir," replied the peasant, "to hear green wood hiss and be served with unseasoned salad, when a man is cold and hungry; but if you will come with me, I think I can promise you better fare at the old house yonder."

The traveller accepted the offer thankfully. It is, probably, (thought he, as he scanned his new acquaintance,) an ancient domestic, gardener, or gamekeeper,—perhaps all in one, as sometimes happens in old-fashioned country establishments. But it was not a moment to be nice: the air was sharpening into bitterness; and hateful to the stranger's fancy as were the gross orgies of the buttery, to which his inviter was probably leading him, yet the offer promised not only shelter, but what was infinitely more seducing to his mind,—excitement.

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A gap in the wall with a slight door in it, awkwardly hinged and yielding stubbornly to the hand with a scrape that described a wide semicircle in the clod every time it was pushed open, had, from being used as a temporary issue while the great gate was repairing, become the established entrance to the castle. The traveller followed his guide through this aperture, glided by the kennel, the stable, the dovecote; then through a low corridor, two or three untenanted chambers whose boards creaked portentously, and as many slips and angles such as our ladies of a hundred years ago loved to decorate with long-necked jars and diminutive tea-pots, calling them china-closets, but whose floors served as preserves for winter apples; while grapes, gradually shrinking into raisins, dangled in chilly festoons from the peeled walls.

At length, a narrow stair-case, dark and winding, presented itself; at the top was a door, which the peasant—taking a key from his pocket—opened, and led the way into a lofty and spacious chamber, gravely and somewhat sparingly furnished, and on whose darkly panelled walls hung numerous heavy gilt frames elaborately wrought; some inclosing dusty and time-stained mirrors, others an ancient portrait, a faded flower-piece, dead game, or a boar-hunt. The rest of the furniture was of the same age and fashion—a bed like the third Richard's war couch, marble consoles supported on carved brackets, panels and floors of oak black with age, and the heavy andiron—for the tongs had no partner—reposing within the capacious chimney.

Such as it was, the proud dimensions of this chamber still bestowed an air of dignity on its faded ornaments. The traveller swept it over with a hasty glance, and then looking down on his own shabby and soaked attire, smiled significantly.

"What does it matter?" said his guide, as if replying to an observation. "My garb must have told you that I am no exacter of toilette etiquette."

"I am no exacter!" repeated the traveller mentally, while he considered for a moment the figure before him.

It was tall and spare, the eye quick and penetrating, the smile frank, the accent educated; a careless stoop of the shoulders, and a pleasant gibe of the lip, counteracted the effect of a naturally aristocratical bearing, which was further softened down by a peculiar friendliness of tone and manner.

The supposed peasant was evidently the master of the house, and the stranger, while his host struck a flint against his gun-lock and lighted a candle at the sparks, would have apologized; but the lord of the castle, who was much more amused than offended, good-humouredly set him right with himself.

"I have been," said he, "a courtier in my day, a traveller too, and a soldier; but I have long thrown it all off,—trappings, staff, and arms, and have taken, with altered fortunes but an unbroken stock of cheerfulness, to the forests where my ancestors hunted the wolf with fine-mouthed dogs, trained by musical speech and cadenced voices. Ah, in those good times, even Maine and Anjou might have envied the woodland symphonies, the sonorous breathings of the early horns to which these old hills echoed, and Burgundy, the grape whose juice sparkled in the deep wine-cups when our forefathers pledged each other joyously, ready for amity or strife as events turned, gallant warriors, bold hunters, or 'preux chevaliers,' according to circumstances; while I their unworthy descendant sow corn in the hunter's track, plant vines in the field of tournaments, send my grain to market, turn my grapes to base account,—in short make farming my employment, and the chase my recreation. My peasants are attached to my garb; a tree of liberty, a chapter on equality would be less effective; my clod shoes and coarse garments pass for virtues; according to their mode of spelling signs, there is both heart and soul in them. Here, I am 'le bon père,' in the world, the Count de Mortemain; but I visit it seldom now. I came to my solitude unwillingly; but I would not quit it now for a field-marshal's staff, or the portfolio of a prime-minister. Some of my family, however, are not exactly of my opinion. When you have reposed a little, I shall have the pleasure of presenting you to my wife and sister; in half an hour we shall sup." And then with a few words of courtesy, he left his guest to turn to the best account he could, the scanty wardrobe contained in his light knapsack.

This done, the traveller looked round and, taking at once to his gloomy chamber, thought within himself how he could best contrive to remain alone in it with his sad musings,—the sole society congenial to his blighted heart. There was still a little daylight in the sky, though not enough to penetrate lower than the hill-tops; but a faint moon was rising that somewhat helped it, and seemed to protract its stay beyond its natural hour. A side window, at which he stood musingly, opened on a projection of the forest that rose abruptly before it; and his eye—ever in search of sombre objects, was at once arrested by the dark rocks and darker trees that waved moaningly over them.

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The hoarse growling of the wind in the trees, the monotonous sway of their bleak branches, the coming night, the darkness of his chamber, were all fast ministering to his wild fancies, when suddenly a low sound struck upon his ear; it seemed to proceed from a door which he had not before observed, and which was evidently not used as an entrance, for the bolts had rusted in their sockets.

He drew them back by main strength, and found that it opened on one of those spacious galleries, from which in old-fashioned houses the staircase usually descends; it was vast, lofty, and arched above. The door which the stranger had just discovered was at one extremity, and at the other were two parallel staircases, one at each side, leaving a wide space fenced with a marble balustrade between them, and thus terminating the gallery. Below, these staircases united in one broad flight, and received light from a gothic window of large dimensions in front of the door.

In the centre of the gallery, and exactly opposite to the door, was an equestrian statue of a knight armed from top to toe, the visor up and a face peering from under it, to which the preposterous taste of a barbarous age had given colouring. The eyeballs glared sternly, with that false, horrid look of life which tells that no life is there; the right arm was extended, the face blank, the posture menacing. Hangings of tapestry, darkly storied, covered the walls; and the dust that lay upon them, as well as other symptoms of neglect, showed that the part of the castle to which the double staircase led, was uninhabited; and yet from its size and air of feudal grandeur, it probably contained the principal apartments.

There did not appear to be anything more either to excite or gratify curiosity, and the traveller returned to his chamber. He had scarcely time to close the door when his host appeared, and by his kind and cordial manner checked the excuses which hung upon the lip of his guest. They descended together to the family saloon, and the new inmate was presented to the members of the domestic circle.

Supper passed off agreeably. The Count de Mortemain, who had changed his garb for one somewhat more suited to his station, though still of antique cut and unassuming material, did the honours of his house with infinite urbanity; his simple and peculiar manner rather set off than weakened the effect of his fine sense and high breeding, and gave a pungency to the tone of indulgent

philosophy which ran through his conversation. The table was excellent, and abundantly served,—country meats seasoned with town skill, and wines of home growth but rare perfection. Old-fashioned servants in old-fashioned liveries waited on the guests, and seemed authorized to smile at the happy hit, or careless pleasantry; it was a true family banquet, cordially and courteously presided, and cheerfully enjoyed. At length the visiters (three gentlemen of the neighbourhood) took their leave, and the traveller, who was considered for that night as one of the family, alone remained. Suddenly the bell at the outward gate was rung. "Strange!" exclaimed Madame de Mortemain, turning pale, "this is the third night that some one, who never waits to be answered, has rung that bell."

"Third and last," said the count cheerfully. "To-morrow I shall set a watch to seize and intercept the delinquent, whoever he may be; and if he does not pay smartly for his frolic—"

[The speaker is interrupted by the family, who then retire.]

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

The Gatherer.

Brewing.—It appears from a Parliamentary paper that the number of licensed brewers in England is 2,099, who consume 16,412,440 bushels of malt; of victuallers 54,551, of whom 36,992 brew their own beer, and consume 9,521,797 bushels of malt. There are 36,536 persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises, of whom 14,840 brew their own beer, and consume 3,702,417 bushels of malt; and of the 118 licensed sellers of beer not to be drunk on the premises, 987 who brew their own beer consume 218,616 bushels of malt. In Scotland, 242 brewers consume 988,800 bushels of malt; and out of 17,026 victuallers there are 335 who brew their own beer, and consume 140,380 bushels. In Ireland, there are 245 brewers, whose consumption of malt is 1,829,587 bushels.—*Times.*

Vast Trees.—The *Hobart Town Courier*, after quoting the vast size of some of our most celebrated trees, remarks, "How small these appear when compared with the gigantic gum-trees of the forests of Van Diemen's land. There are many to be seen on the borders of Mount Wellington, not more than miles from Hobart town, from 150 to 2 feet high.

Chinese Carving.—In carving wood and ivory, and other substances, the Chinese have no rivals. We cannot approach them in their ivory workbaskets, fans, and other articles: no European artist, we believe, has ever attempted to cut out from one solid ball of ivory seven or eight interior ones, each separate from the rest, and as beautifully carved as the exterior one. These are all cut by means of the several circular holes that are, in the first instance, bored through the solid ball.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Rival Clubs.—In the little town of Maybole there are no less than two clubs instituted in honour of John Knox, and as both of them have a dinner on the anniversary of the reformer's birth-day, the innkeepers who furnish the usual entertainments are sometimes at a loss to procure the necessary supply of vivers. On one occasion, the whole stock of fish belonging to Janet M'Cringle, an old woman who generally supplied the inns with that delicacy, was bought up by the caterer for one of the dinners. The bargain was no sooner struck, than the landlord of the rival house made his appearance for a supply of the same article. Janet declared she was sold out. "Sold out or no," cried Boniface, "I must have fish, Janet; I have Knox's dinner to provide for, and I can't do without it."—"Dear me!" cried Janet, "a' my fish thegither was bought for Knox's dinner; wha's this Knox that needs sae monnie dinners?"—"It was him, if ye ken him, that took the roof off Cross Reguel Abbey."—"Cross Reguel Abbey!" exclaimed the poor woman in astonishment, "there has not been a roof on Cross Reguel since I ha'e mind; he maun surely be an unca old man! But auld or no," quoth Janet, reverting again to business, "he maun be an awfu' body for fish!"—*Laird of Logan.*

Tea-pots made by Steam.—Britannia metal tea-pots are now made by steam: the round bodies are spun, and the wooden handles and knobs are cut up by powerful steam-engines. A good workman can spin twenty dozen of pot-bodies in a day.

Copper Sheathing for Ships.—Some idea of the quantity of metal used for this purpose may be had from the fact that a single ship, the Neptune of 120 guns, launched at Portsmouth in 1832, was cased with 4,738 sheets of copper, weighing altogether 17 tons 19 cwt.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXVII.

(*From the Metropolitan, August*, 1836.)

"We cannot but give our tribute of commendation to this, the oldest and most successful of the cheap weekly publications. Nothing but talent could have acquired for it the pre-eminence that it enjoys, and attention and unfailing ability have preserved it so long in its proud station. * * We have always regarded this periodical as a judicious combination of the useful with the agreeable; and without the scientific pretensions of some of its contemporaries, and the vapid attempts at wit of others, we think it to contain really more true knowledge than the one class, and much more sterling humour than the other."

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